

# Belmont Chronicle.

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O. L. POORMAN.

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# Belmont Chronicle.

Established in 1813.

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## Selected Poetry.

### BARBARA FRITCHEE.

BY JOHN S. WHITTIER.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,  
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand,  
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards steep,  
Apple and peach trees fruited deep,

For as a Garden of the Lord  
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde.

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,  
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,

Over the mountain winding down,  
Morse and Lee, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their crimson bars,  
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun  
At noon looked down and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Fritchee then,  
Hewed with her four score years and ten.

Bravest of all in Frederick town,  
She took up the old flag from her room.

In her attic window the staff she set,  
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread;  
Snowball Jackson riding ahead;

When she glanced back, left and right,  
She glanced—the old flag on his sight.

"Hail!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;  
"Fire!"—the rebel ranks stood fast.

It shivered the window pane and ash;  
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick as it fell from the broken staff,  
Down it tumbled—the old flag on his staff.

She leaned far out on the window sill,  
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shout, if you must this gray old head,  
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,  
Over her face of the leader came.

The nobler nature within him stirred,  
To life at that woman's deed and word.

"Who touches a hair of you gray head,  
Dies like a dog," murmured he; and said,

"Ever its folds round me I will fold,  
On the loyal winds that loved it well."

And through the hill-pinnas sunset light  
Flashed on the folds of the old flag on his sight.

Barbara Fritchee's work is done,  
And the rebel ranks on its folds no more.

Honor to her, and let a tear  
Fall for her sake on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Fritchee's grave  
Flag of Freedom and Union wave;

Peace and order and beauty draw  
Round its symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down  
On the stars below in Frederick town.

## Choice Miscellany.

### Ingratitude.

It is common enough to hear people

announce that, for their part, they have

given up expecting gratitude in this

world, and that in such significant

tones as to leave us in no doubt that

the hard experience is a personal one.

Nobody talks much about ingratitude in

the abstract; the subject is only inter-

esting when brought home in some

marked way to ourselves. Now,

though it is only too flagrant a truth

that there is such a thing as ingratitude,

we think it will be granted by whoever

has listened to this strain that there al-

ways arises a misgiving as to the jus-

tice, in the particular instance, of so

sweeping a censure upon human na-

ture. If we know the complainant well

enough, we shall be conscious of a de-

fective sympathy. The people who are

always scolding ingratitude are not

people to trust without a searching

investigation, because they will uni-

formly be found self-absorbed, puzzle-

headed, or in some way incapaci-

tated for taking a reasonable and un-

prejudiced view where their affections

or interests are concerned; they are

behindhand with the rest of the world

in their knowledge of themselves and

of their standing towards others.—

They view the conduct of others, in

any critical case which greatly con-

cerns or interests them, in its bearing

on themselves alone; they cannot take

in the complicated relations in which

all stand toward the world about them.

Thus you will hear the mistress of a

household rail at the ingratitude of

servants, because one on whom she has

bestowed much kindness has left her

for her own convenience or to "better

herself." As she talks of her wrongs,

## Bereavement.

Few of us are happy enough to be

members of an unbroken family circle.

Sooner or later death enters the health-

iest home, and a Christmas or a birth-

day festival seldom comes round with-

out reminding the living of some

"vanished hand" or voice that is still

forever. Now it is Tiny Tim, whose

shrill treble no longer helps to swell

the merry noise; or again it is the

patriarch of the flock, whose venerable

presence has ceased to make the chim-

ney-corner look sacred. The "well

sergent" will not be denied. There

may sometimes be an unwonted in-

terval in his terrible visits, but the

inevitable moment will arrive, when

drawn blinds and closed shutters will

proclaim to our neighbors that there is

Death in our house. What a solemn

hush falls upon those who remain be-

hind, when the soul of a beloved

friend or relation has departed! Even

the most careless and light-hearted feel

the sacred influence of the hour. Sil-

ence reigns in the chamber where the

dead man lies, and throughout the

whole house the foot of the mourner

falls softly, the voice naturally sinks

into a whisper, and, except in rare

cases, we can not bear to part with the

well-known form now vacant of its spir-

it. We love to look again and again

at the "old familiar face." We deck

the brow with flowers. We delay till

the latest instant to close the coffin,

for it is only then that we begin really

to feel the bitterness of bereavement.

At length, not in indecorous haste, but

when all has been done that tender-

ness and delicacy can suggest, we carry

forth our sad burden to its grave.—

A hurried funeral is singularly revol-

ting to civilized habits and sensitive

dispositions. The Jew puts his dead

out of sight almost as soon as they are

cold. He still retains in Northern cli-

mate a custom which the heat of the

East perhaps rendered necessary. Yet

even in the East some tribes seem to

have been possessed by the same rep-

ugnance to speedy sepulture which

marks most Christian nations. Hero-

dotes, indeed, tells us a story of cer-

tain of the Arabians who never buried

their dead at all. They placed the

bodies of their deceased friends within

transparent crystal pillars, which they

carried up to the cemetery near the

city. Thus every man became

his own tomb-stone. Among this peo-

ple, at any rate, there can have been

no lying epitaphs.

## Charity and Compassion.

There are two things which are often

confounded—charity and compassion.

It is not possible to be charitable

without being compassionate, but many

a man is compassionate without being

at all charitable. The fact is that char-

ity is a principle of the human mind,

while compassion is only one of our

animal instincts. Such a thing as com-

passion is observed even in animals,

and therefore the Priest and the Levite

## The Kindness of Mr. Lincoln.

With what avidity do we seize upon any

little incident which serves to show the

great heart of our martyred President.

Every line of his life is treasured sacredly by the

American people. And well it may be, for

it is so unblemished—without spot or stain.

There is not a word in all that record that

needs to be re-written or erased; not an

ugly mark or blot made in passion or

through carelessness. It is a "plain, un-

varnished tale," but clear, straightforward

and complete. Another of the many tit-

les of kindness performed by this great

man is thus recorded by a contemporary:

"In November last, a small, delicate boy

patiently waited with the anxious crowd

which had gathered in the room of the

President. He was noticed by Mr. Lin-

coln, who said to him:

"Come here, my boy, and tell me what

you want."

"The boy, trembling and abashed, stepped

forward and placed his hand on the

arm of the chair in which the President

was seated, and said:

"Mr. President, I have been a drummer

in a regiment for two years, and Colonel

got angry with me and turned me off; I

was taken sick and have been a long time

in the hospital. This is the first day I

have been out. I came to see if you cannot

do something for me."

"The President looked kindly and ten-

derly at him, and asked him where he lived.

He replied that he had no home.

"Where is your father?" said the Pres-

ident.

"He died in the army," answered the

boy.

"Where is your mother?"

"My mother is dead also. I have no

father, no mother, no brothers, no sisters,

and, bursting into tears, the boy said,